

CHARLTON
COMICS
00006-373

ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE

NO. 2

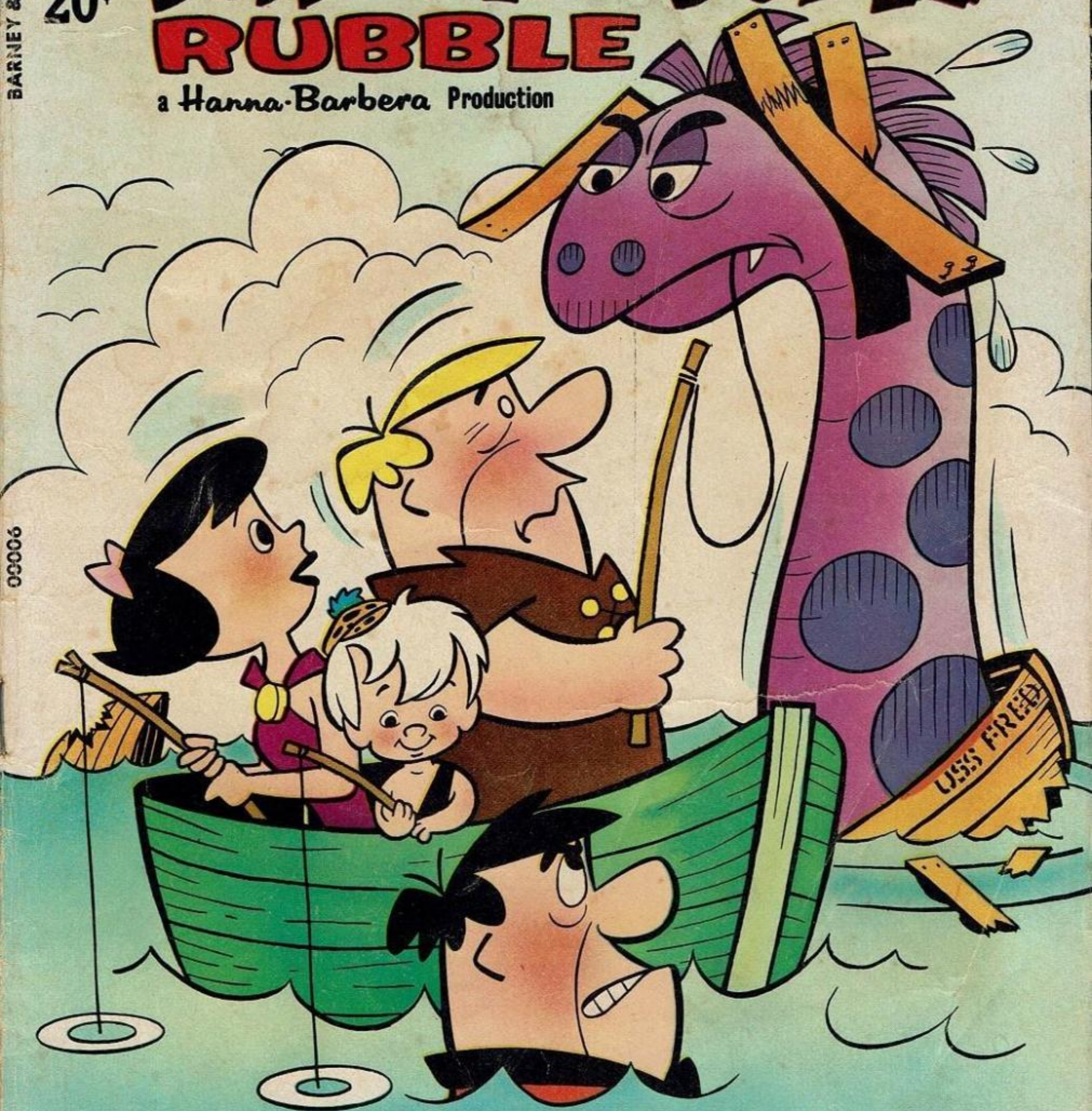
MAR.
CDC

ONLY
20¢

Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera Production

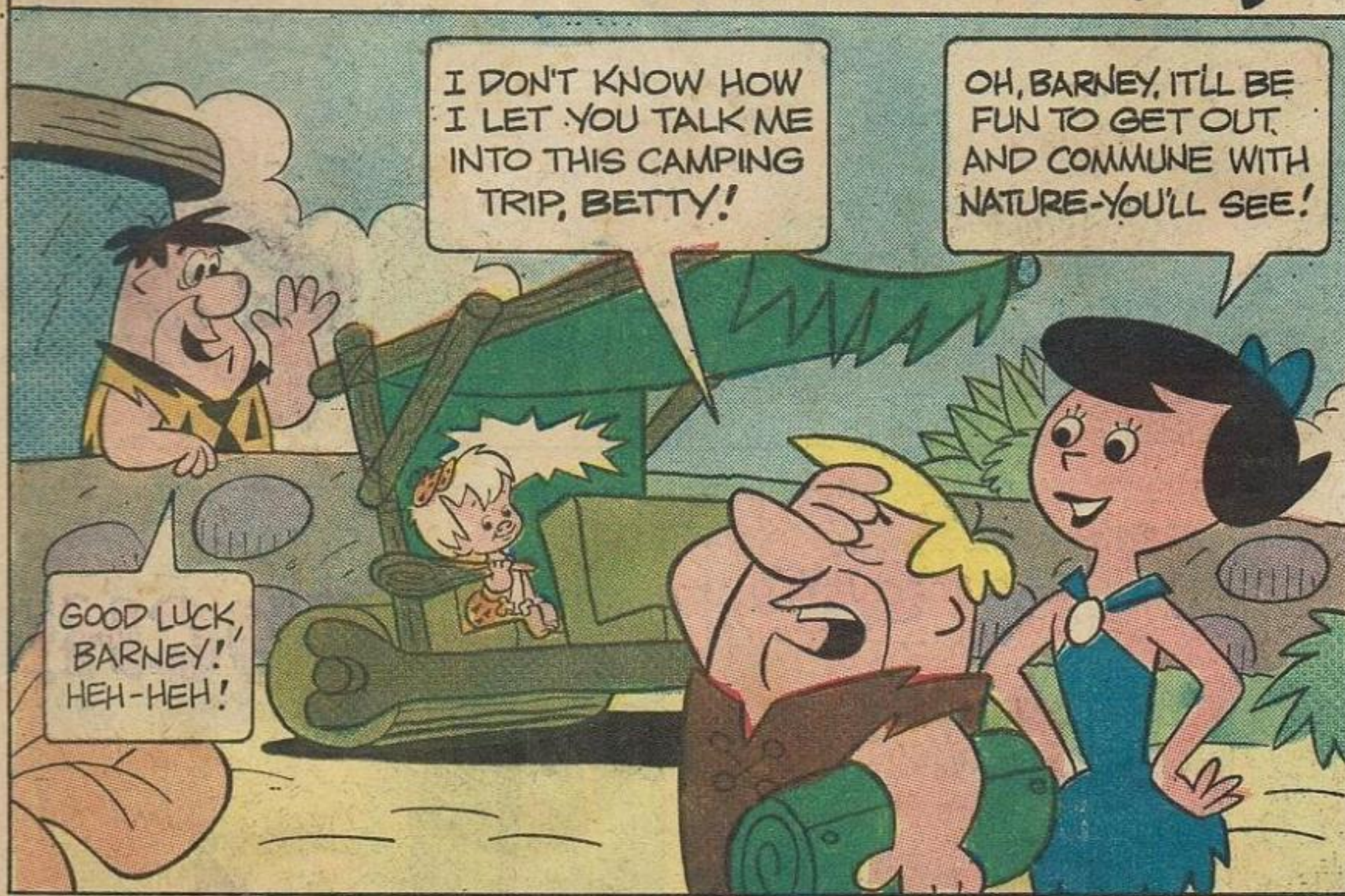


00006

Barney & Betty Rubble

in

CAMPING trip

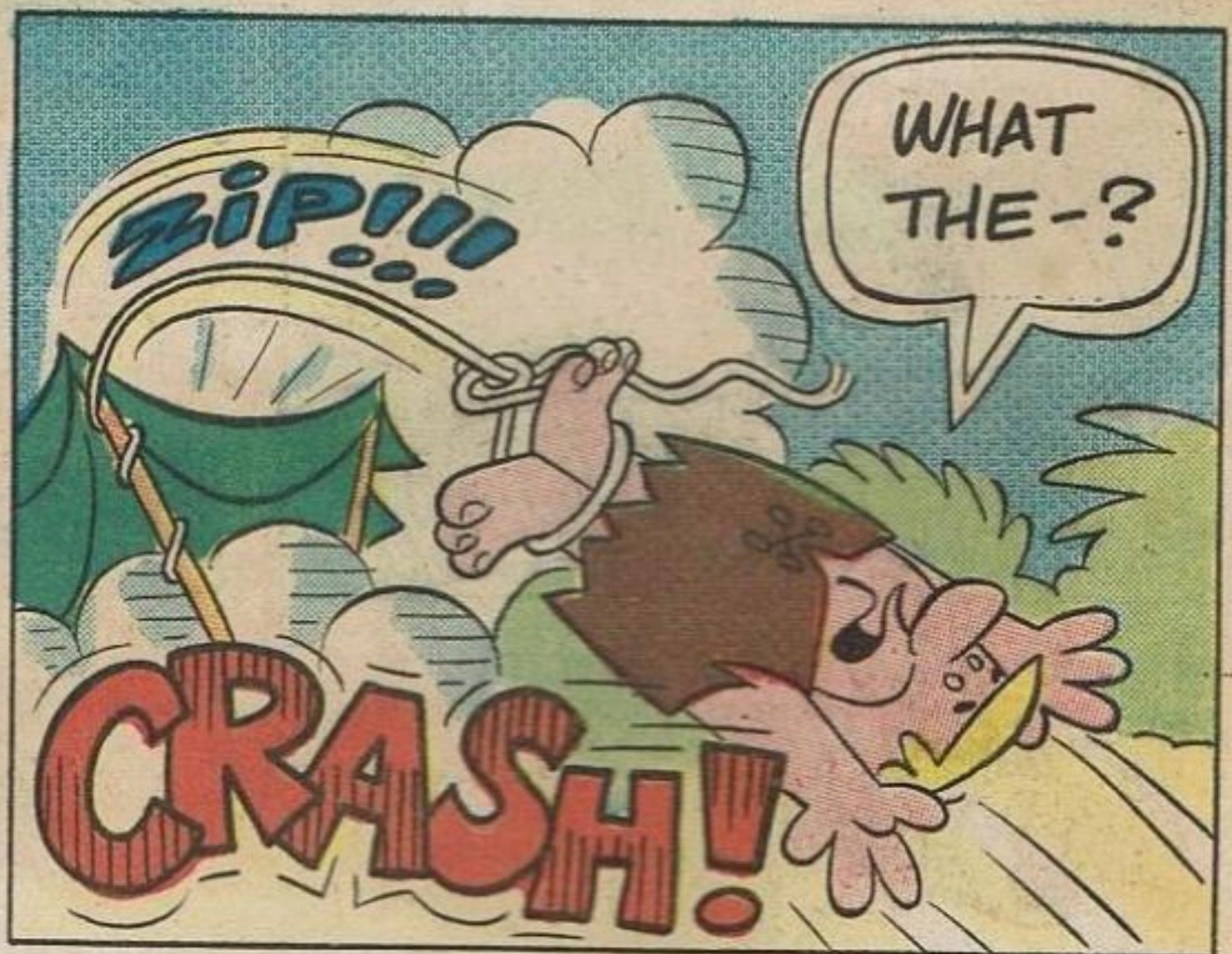


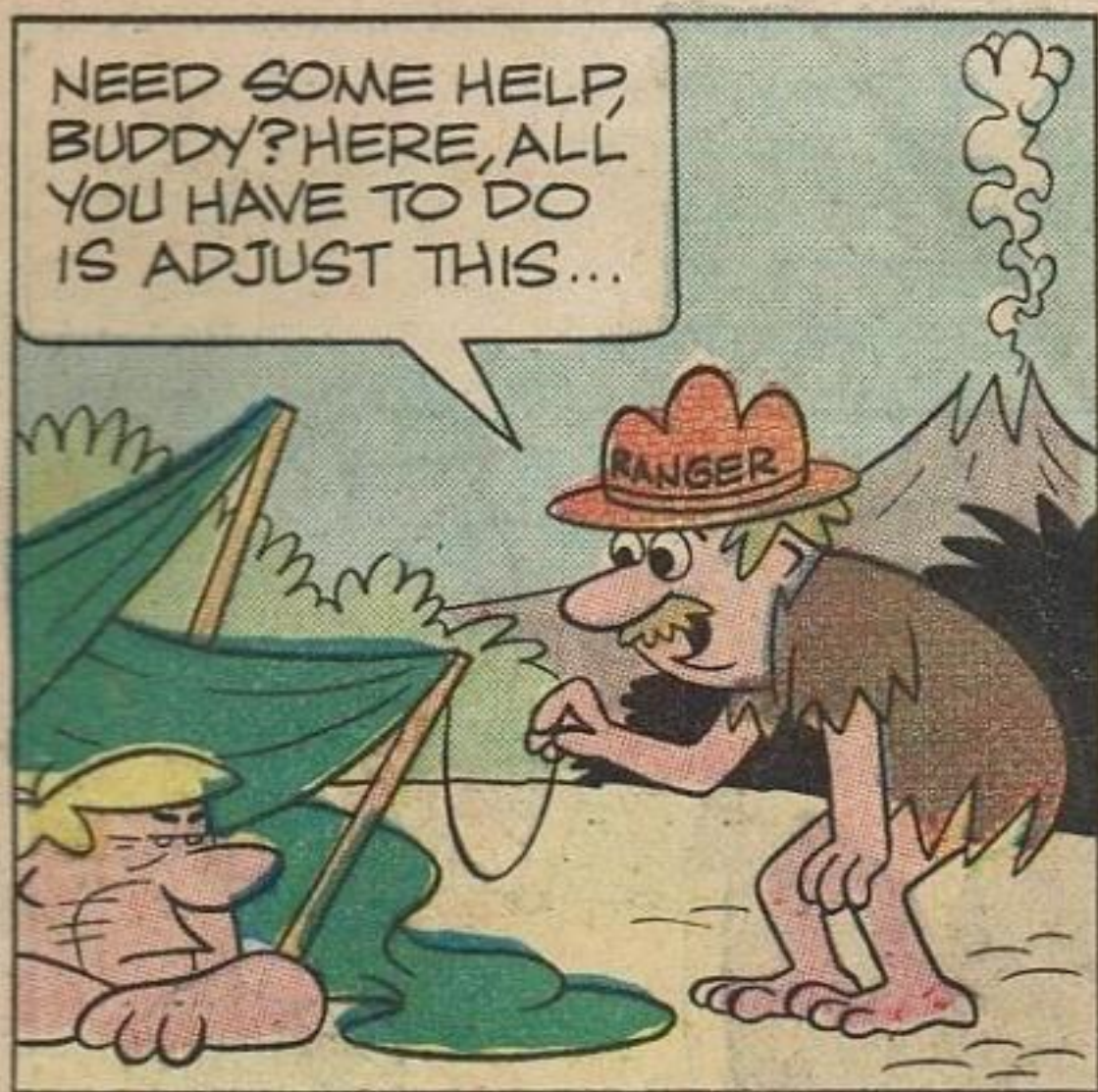
BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 1, No. 2, March, 1973.

published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 20c per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

©1972, HANNA - BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

International copyright secured. All rights reserved.





BARNEY! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR OVER AN HOUR!



WHY DON'T YOU START THE FIRE WHILE I GET EVERYTHING ELSE READY!



GOTTA BREAK THIS WOOD— **UNGH!**



MAYBE IF I PUT IT HERE AND JUMP ON IT!

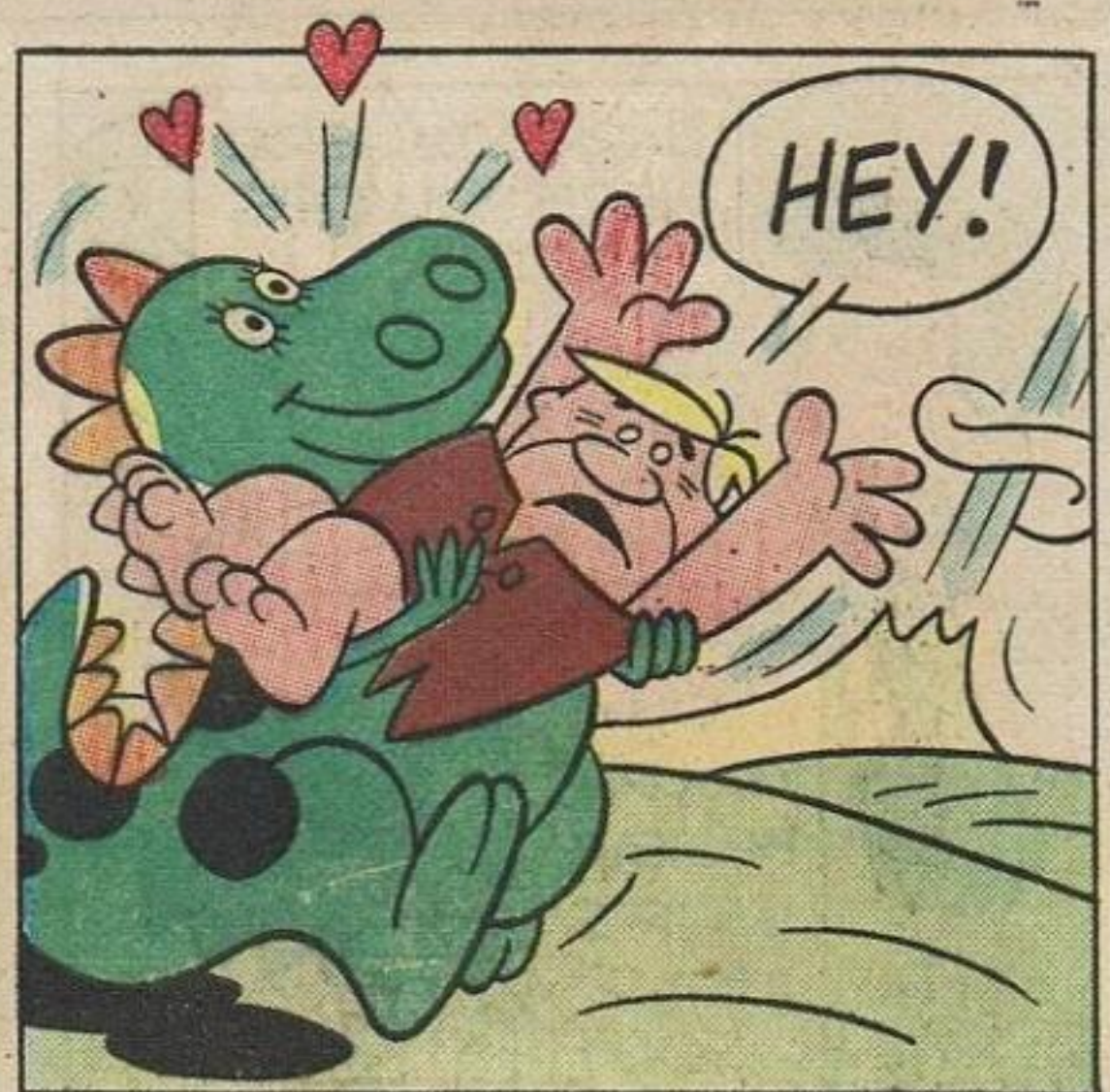


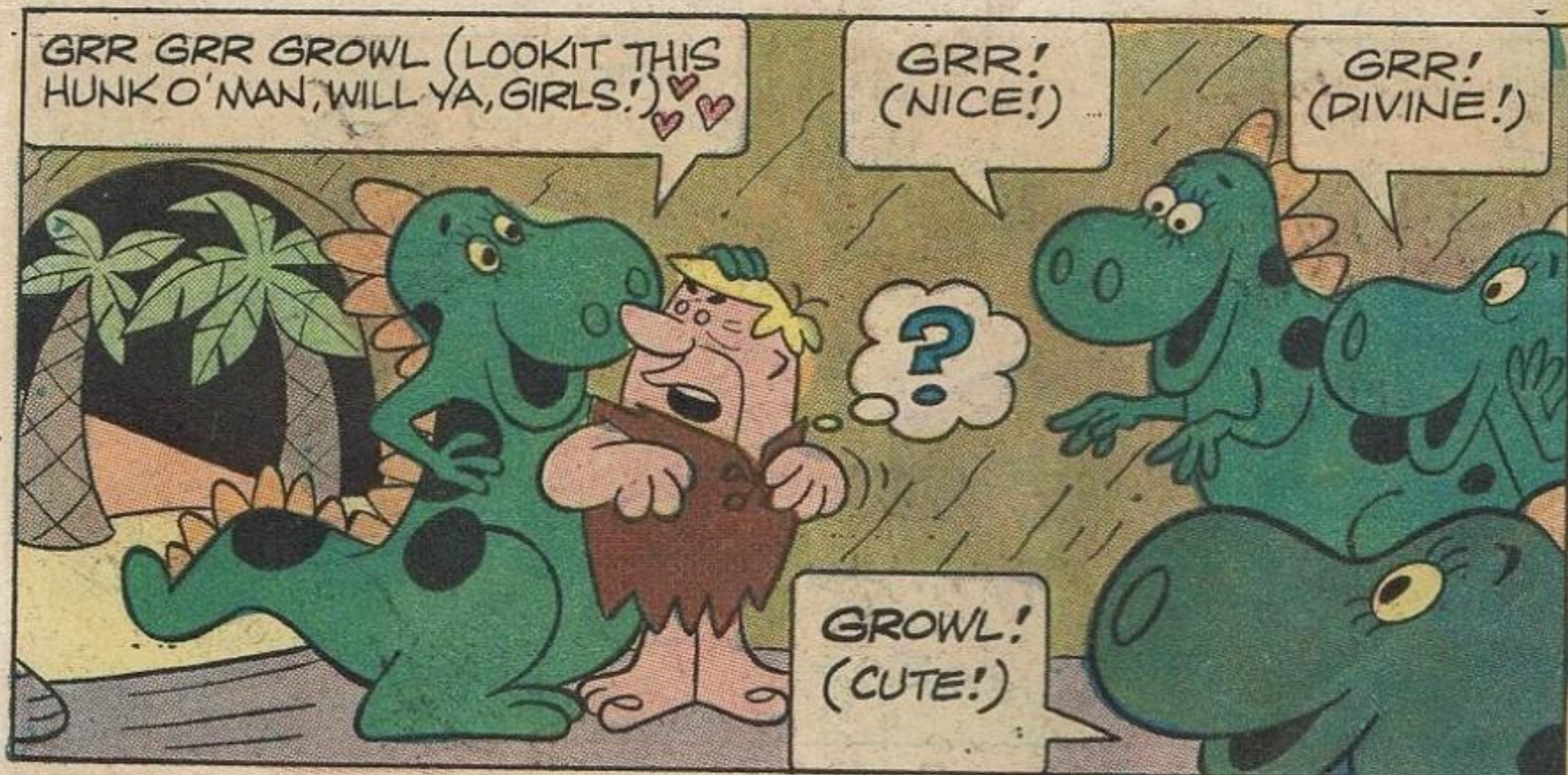
BONK! BONK!

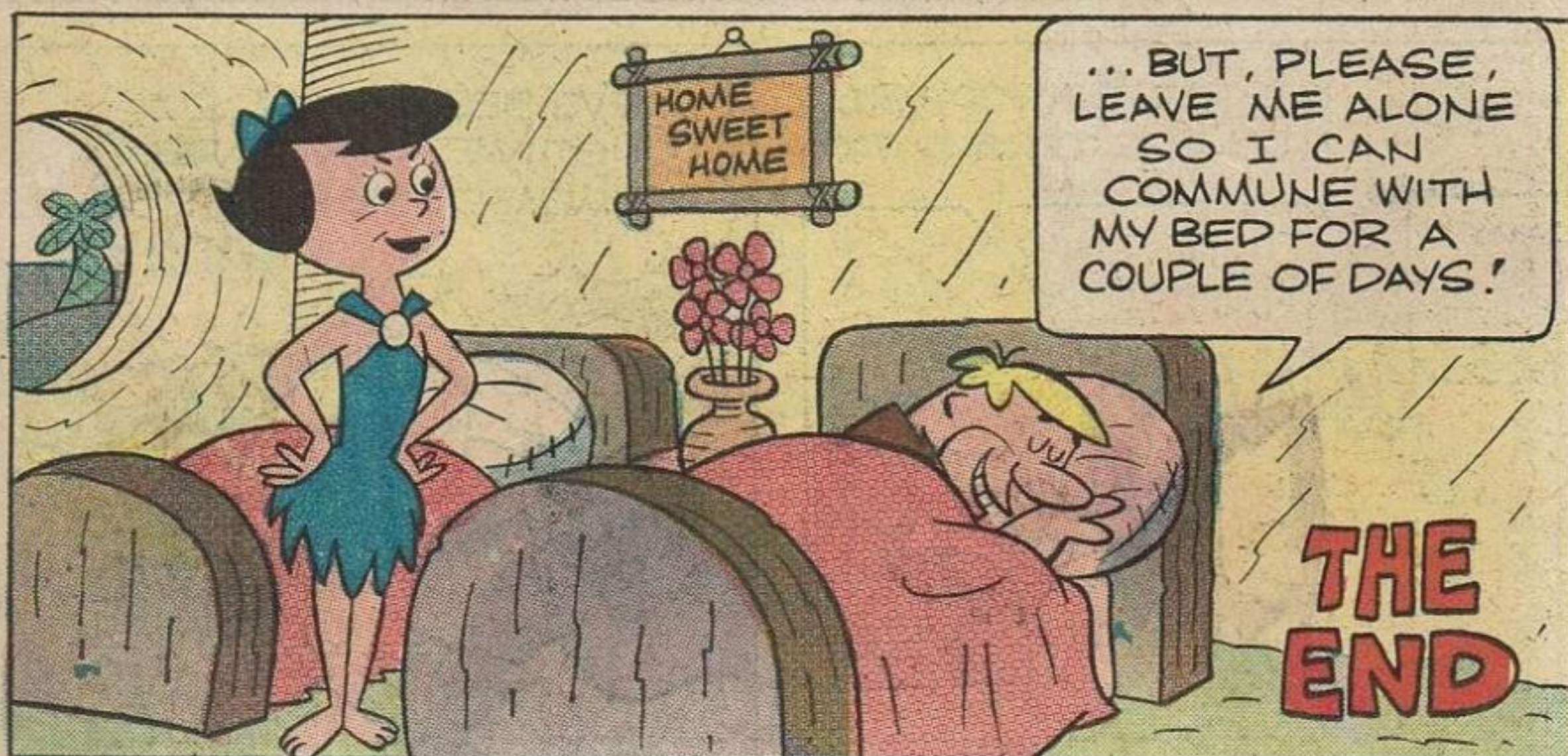
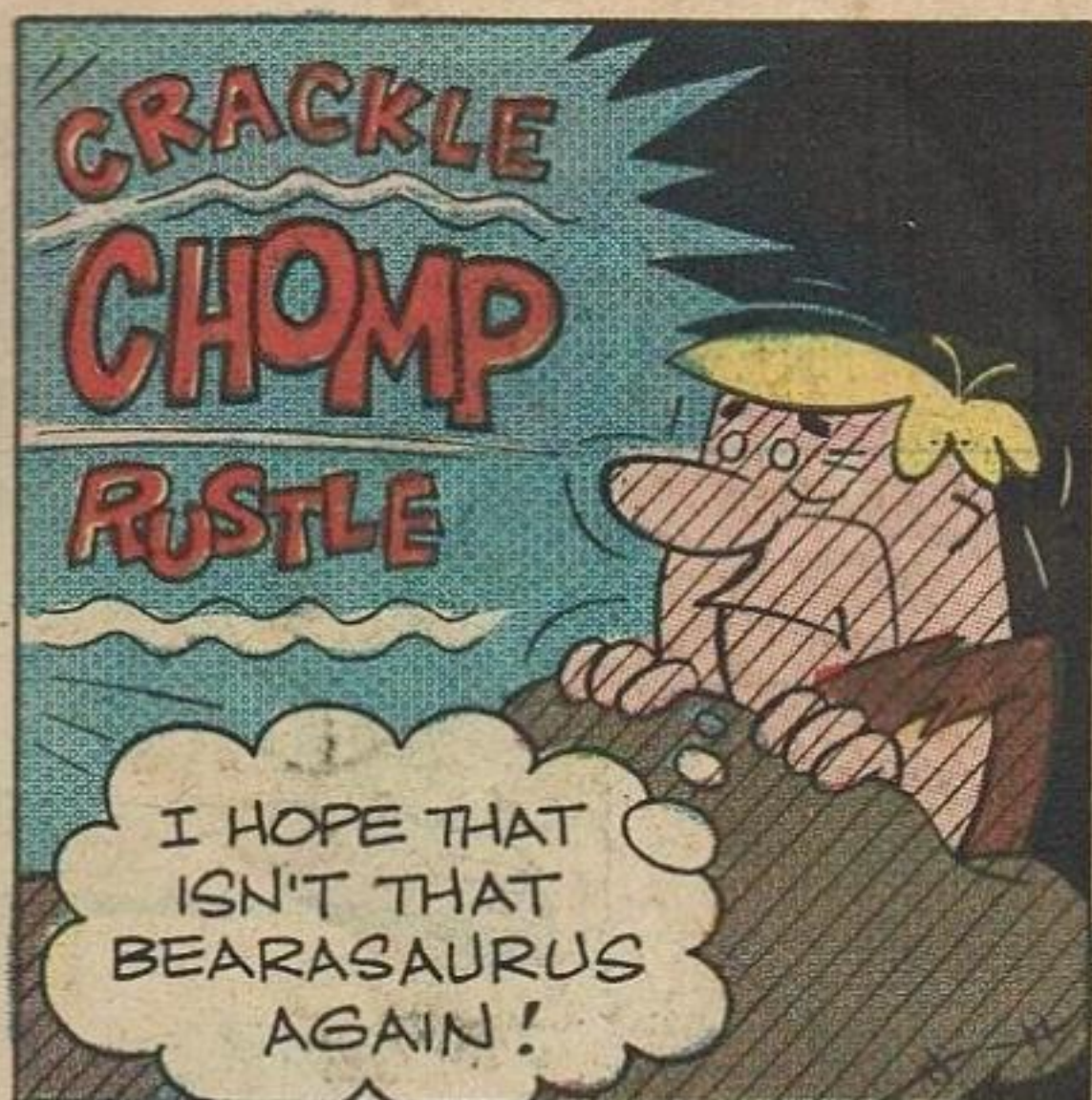


CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



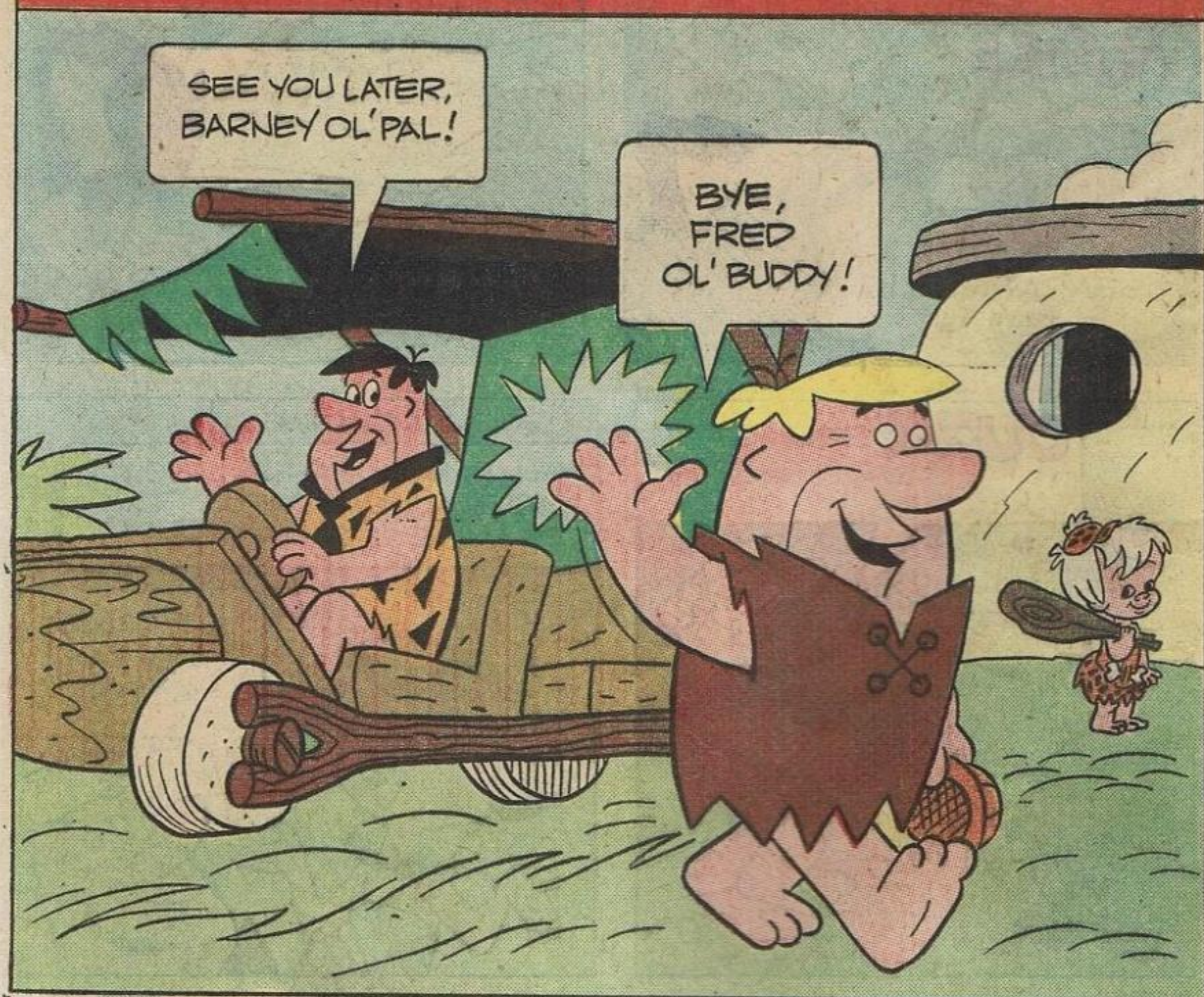


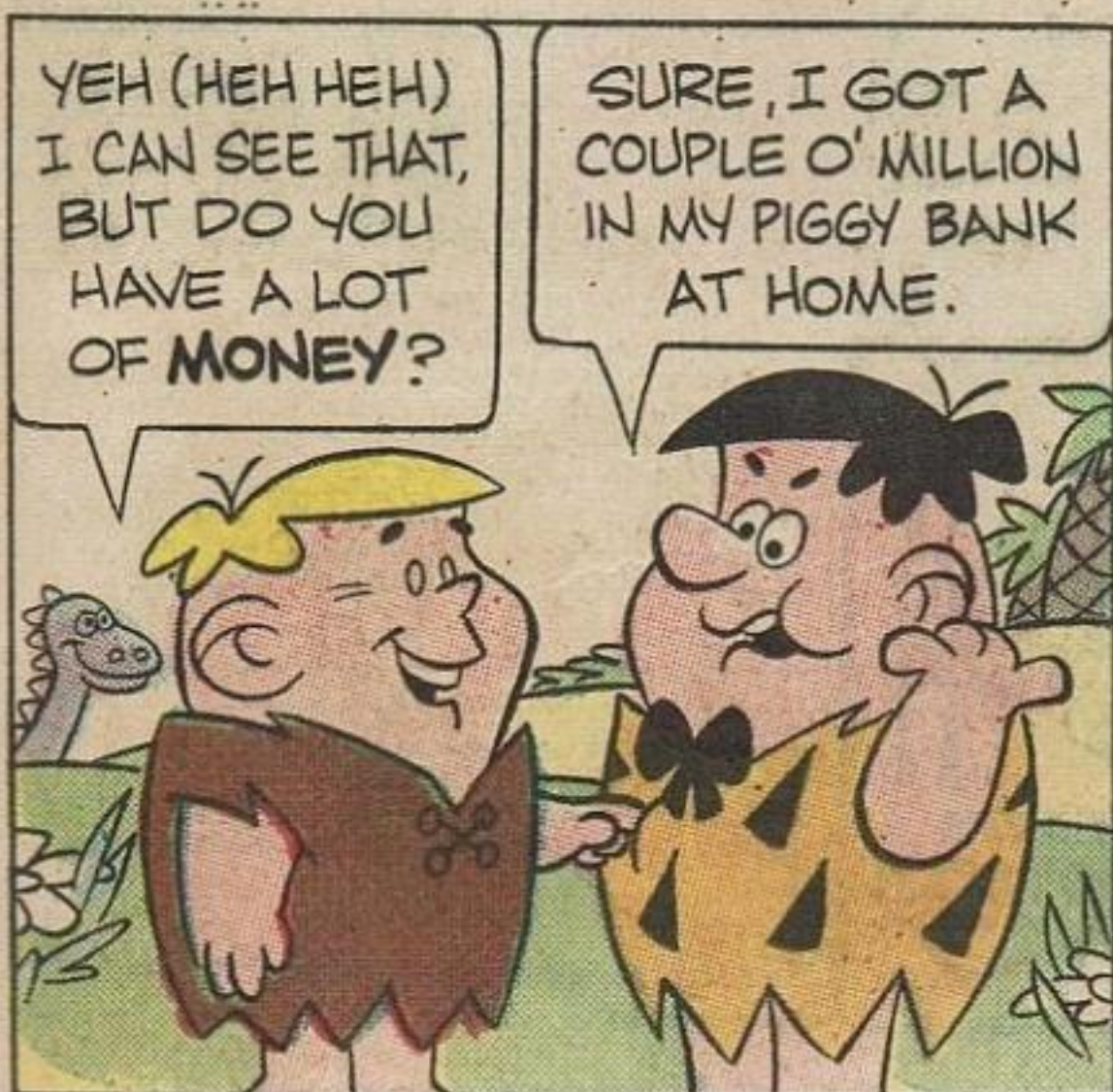
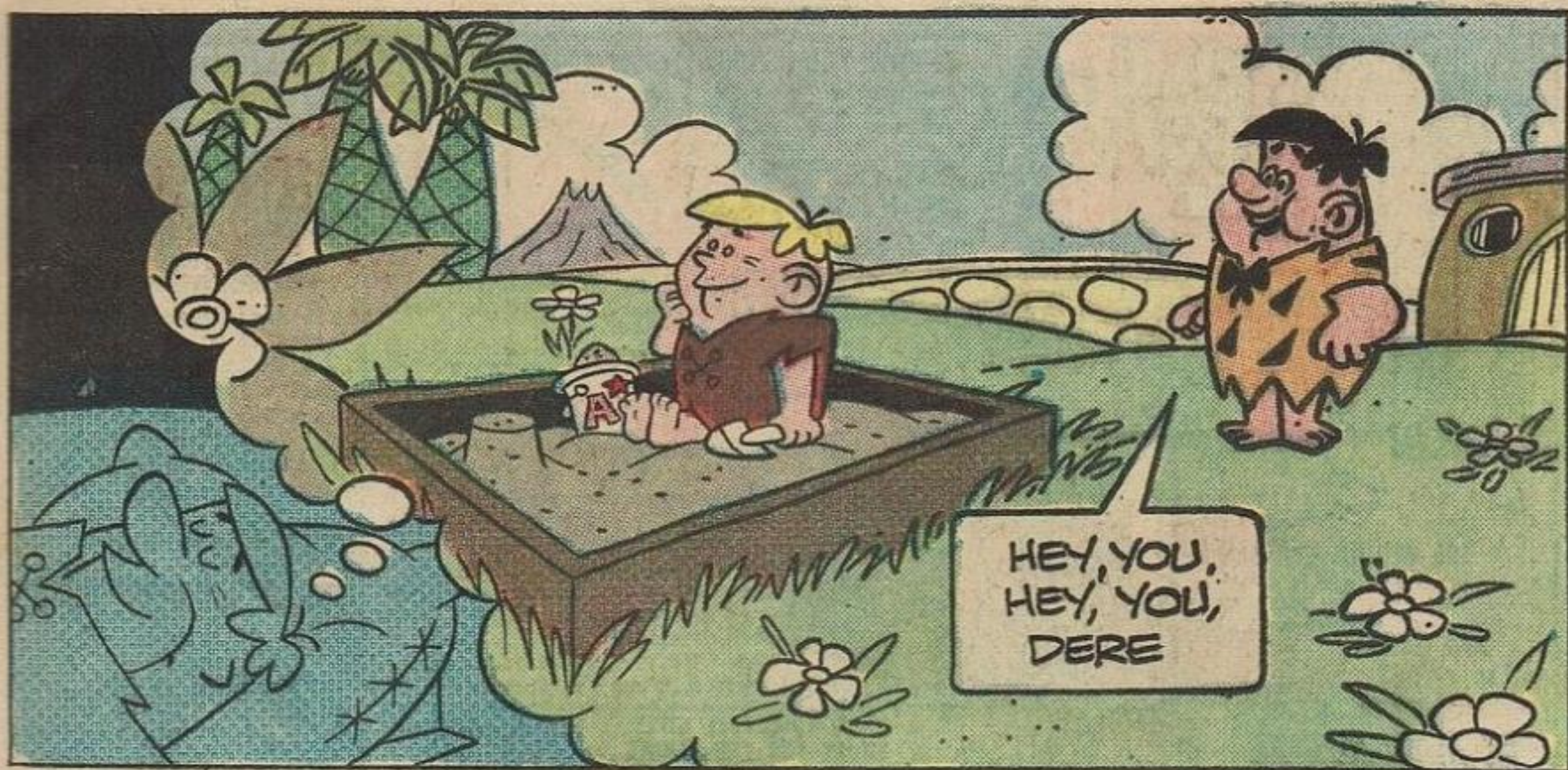




Barney & Betty "THE FAST FRIEND" RUBBLE

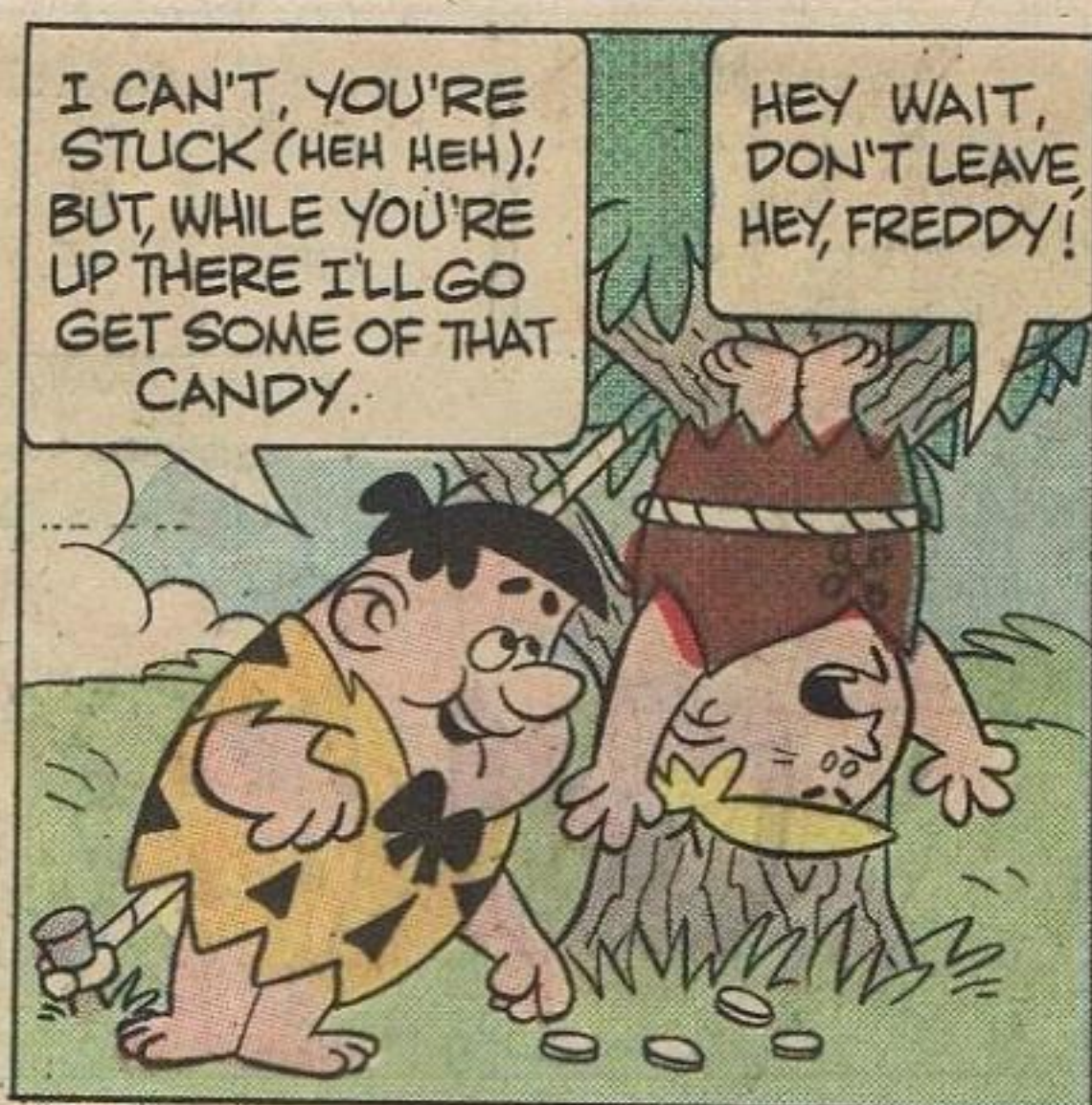
IN





CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE





Barney & Betty RUBBLE

CLASSMATE REUNION

BARNEY, GUESS WHAT! MY OLD BOYFRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL, ROCK STUDSON, IS GOING TO VISIT US!

ULP! ISN'T THAT THE GUY YOU ALMOST MARRIED THAT BECAME A MOVIE STAR?



YES, HE'S GOING TO BE IN BEDROCK AND HE WANTS TO STAY IN **OUR** HOME!

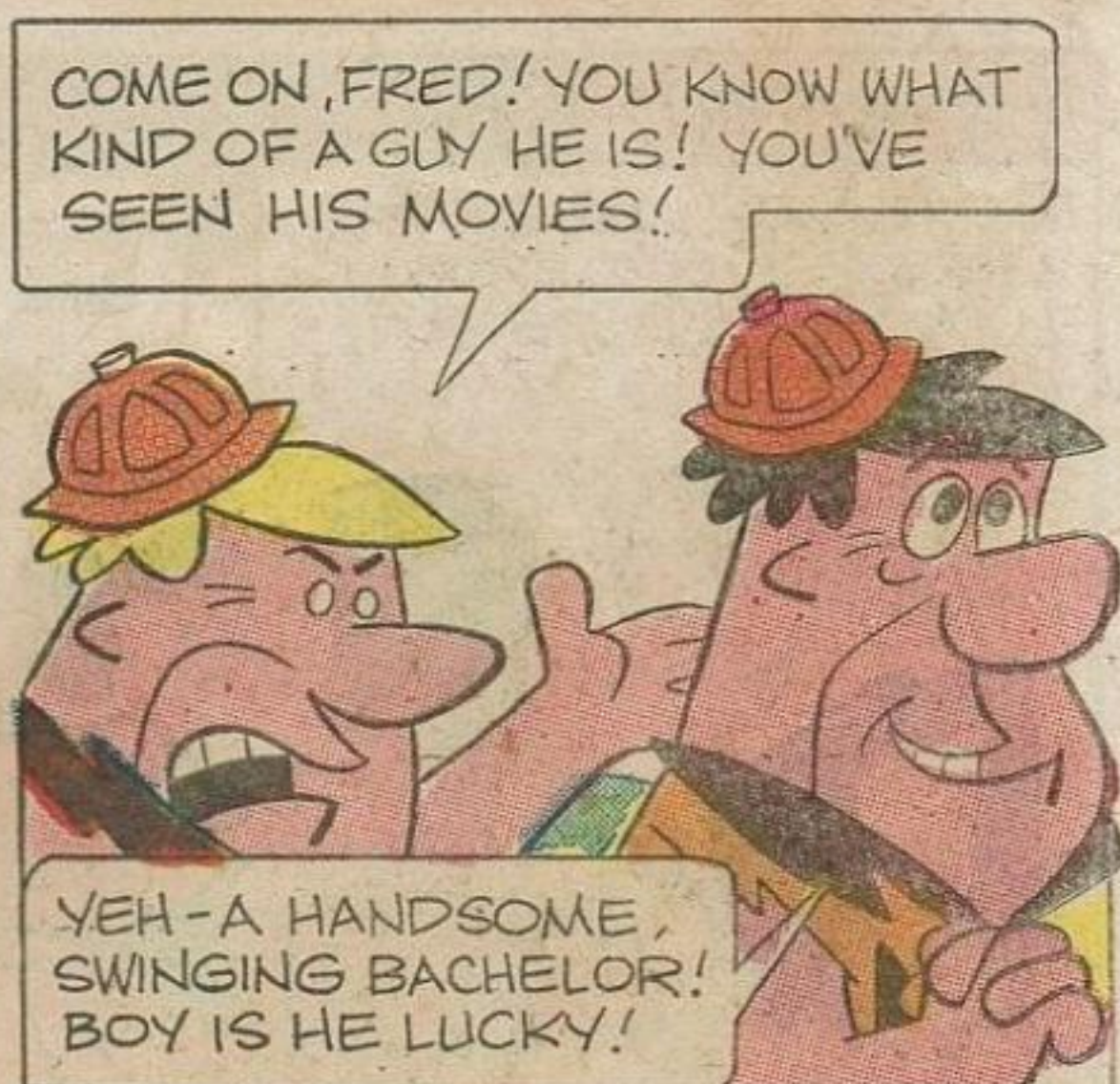
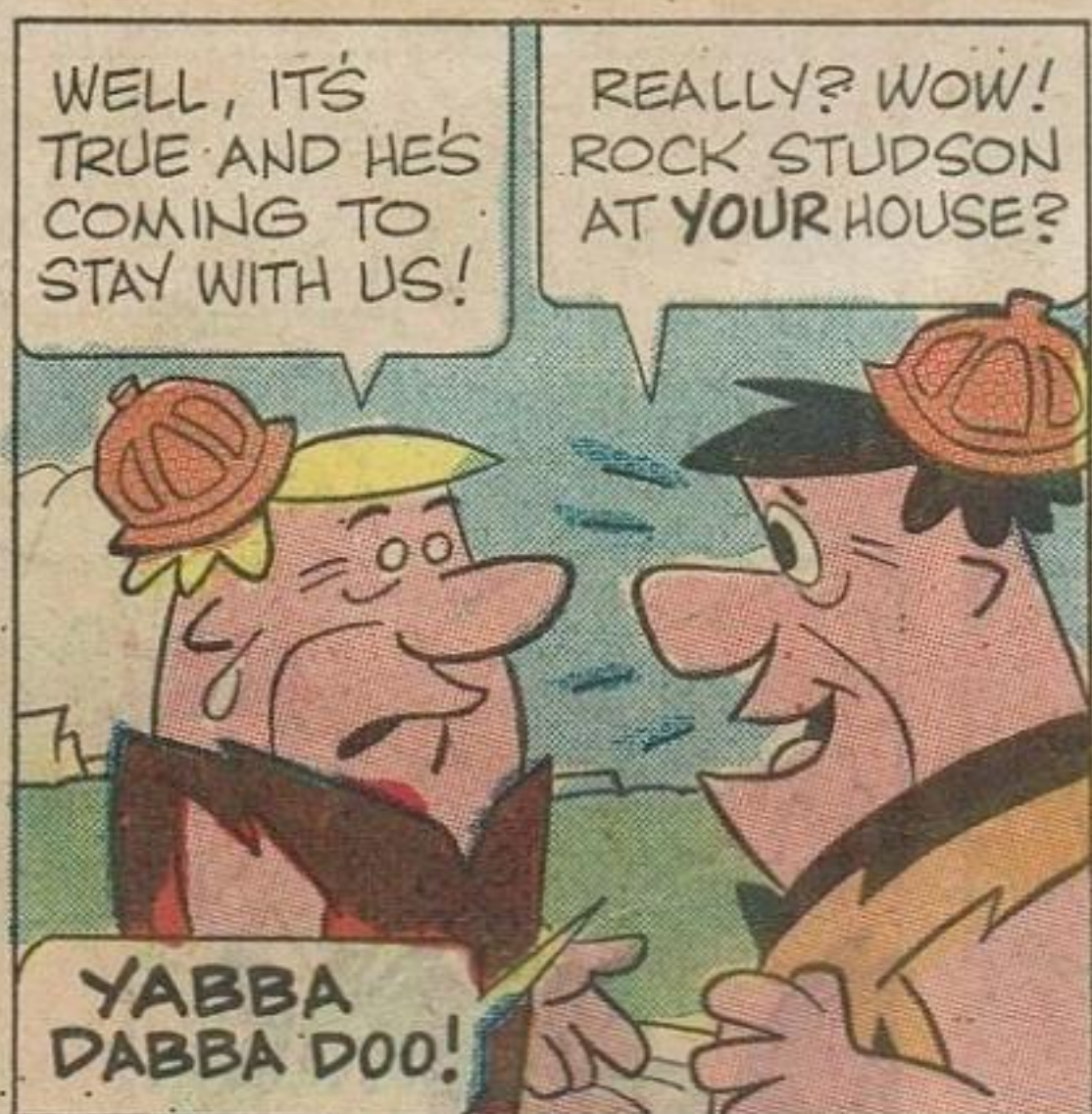
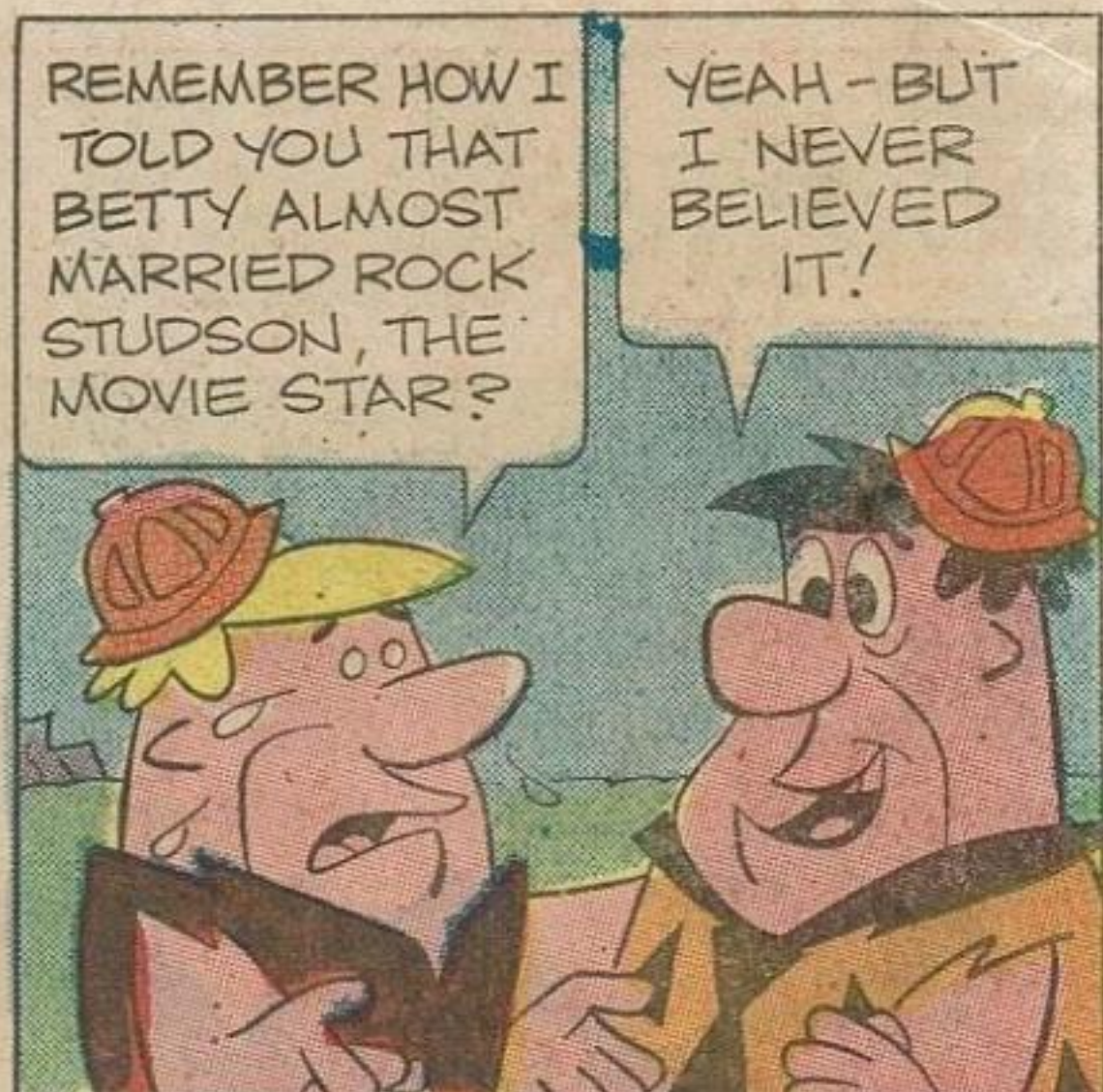
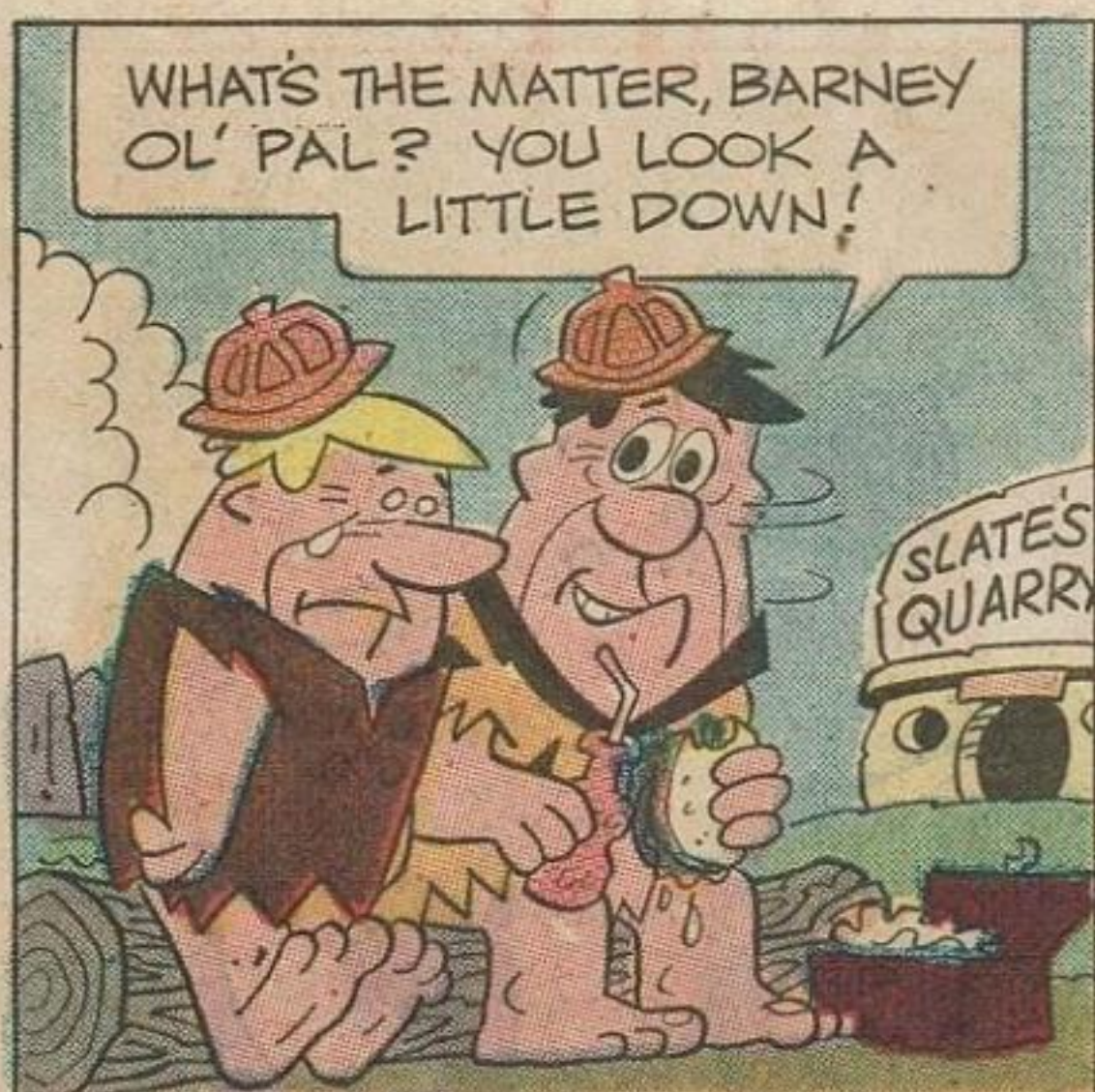
GREAT!

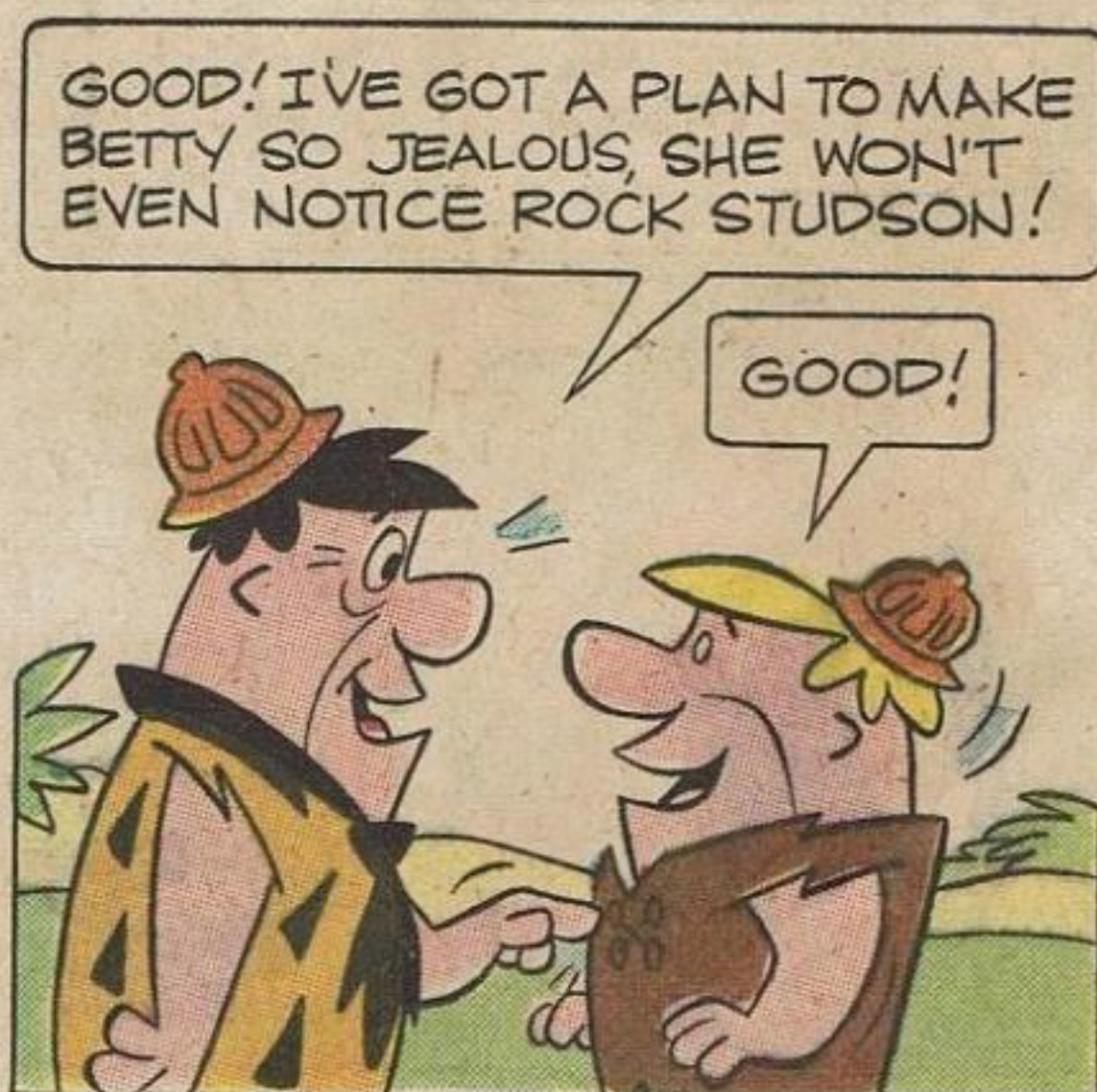
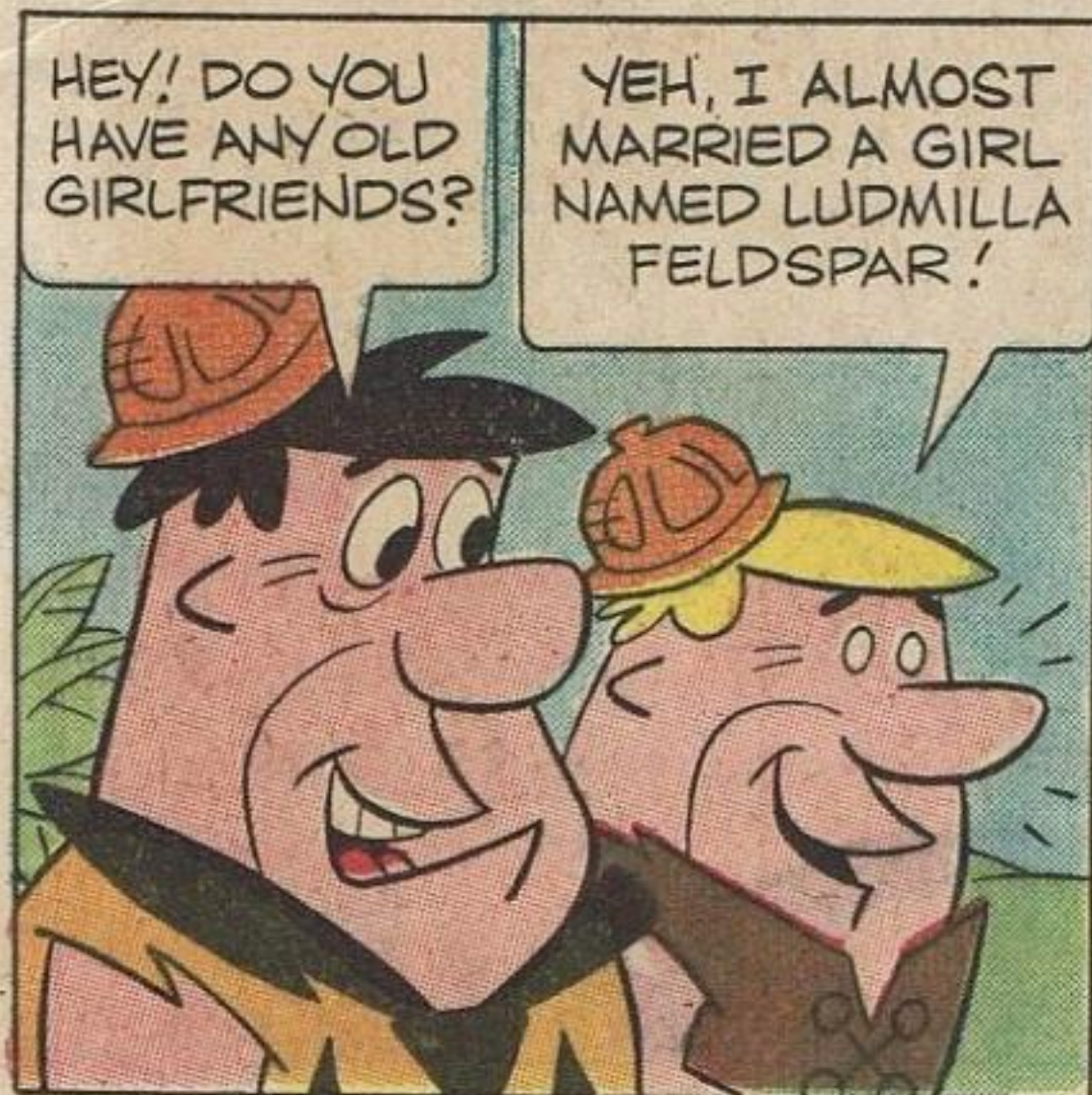


I'D BETTER GET THE GUESTROOM READY!

OH, BEAUTIFUL! SHE'S ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT WHAT A GREAT ACTOR THIS GUY IS AND HOW SHE COULD HAVE MARRIED HIM!



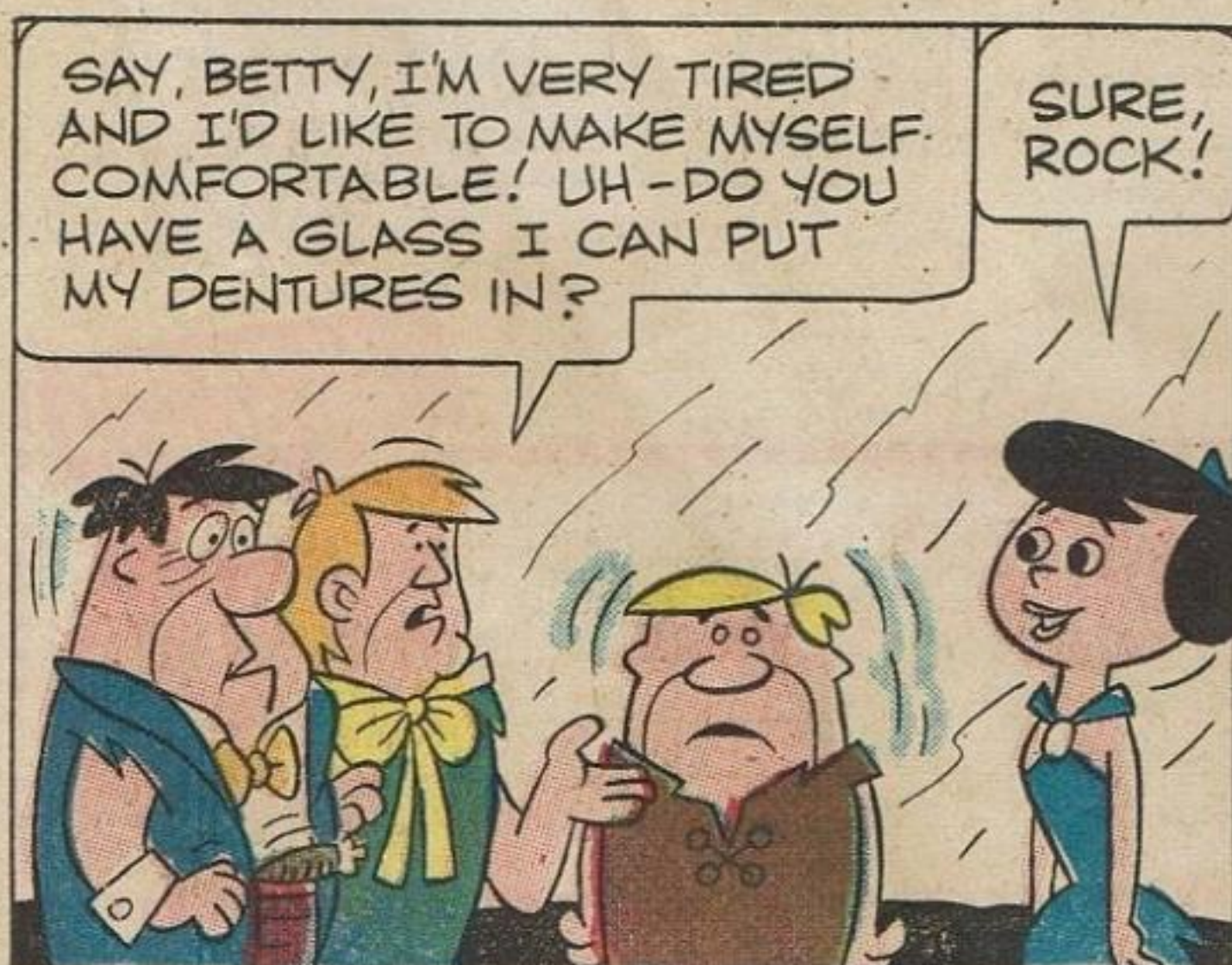


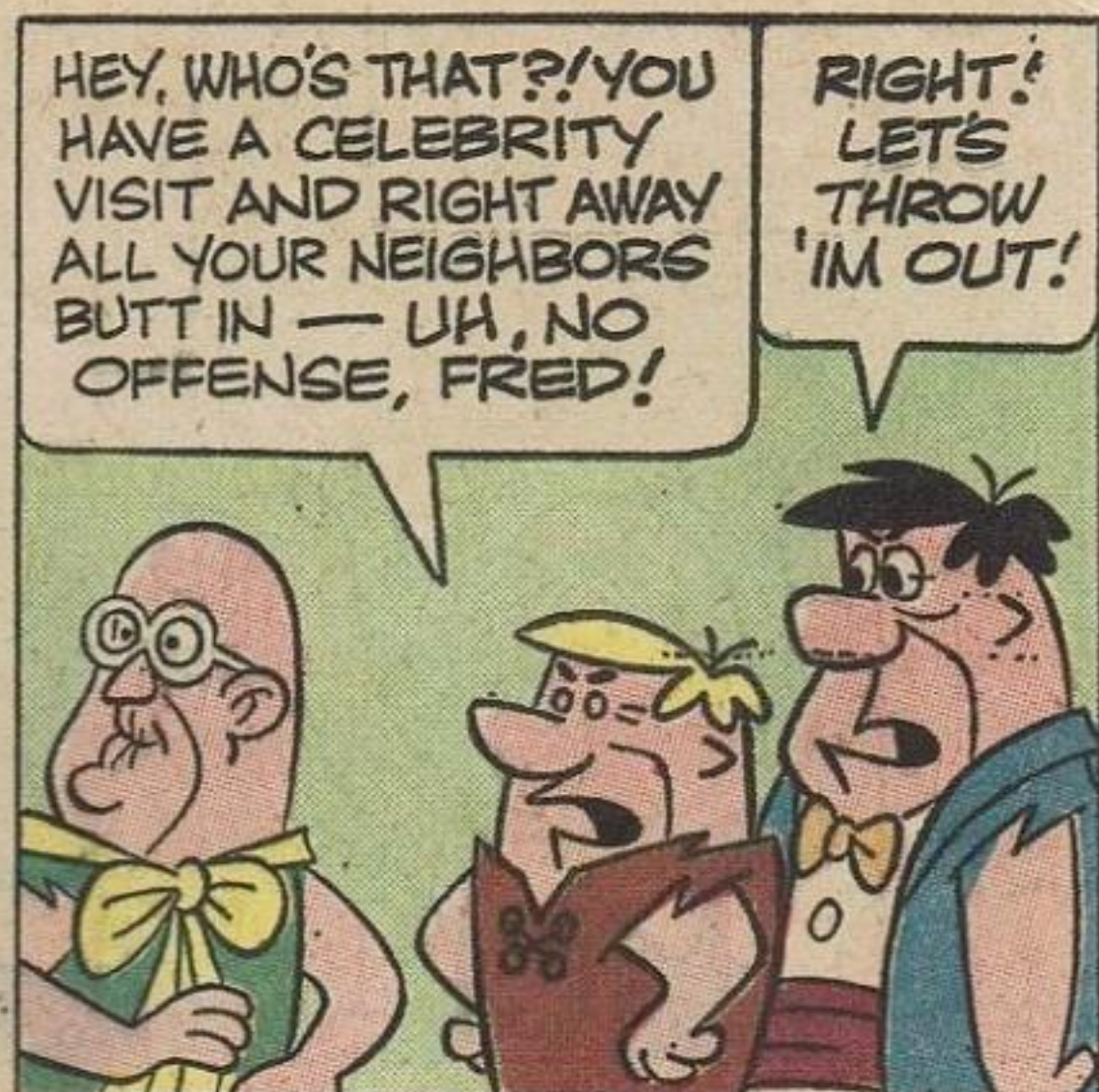


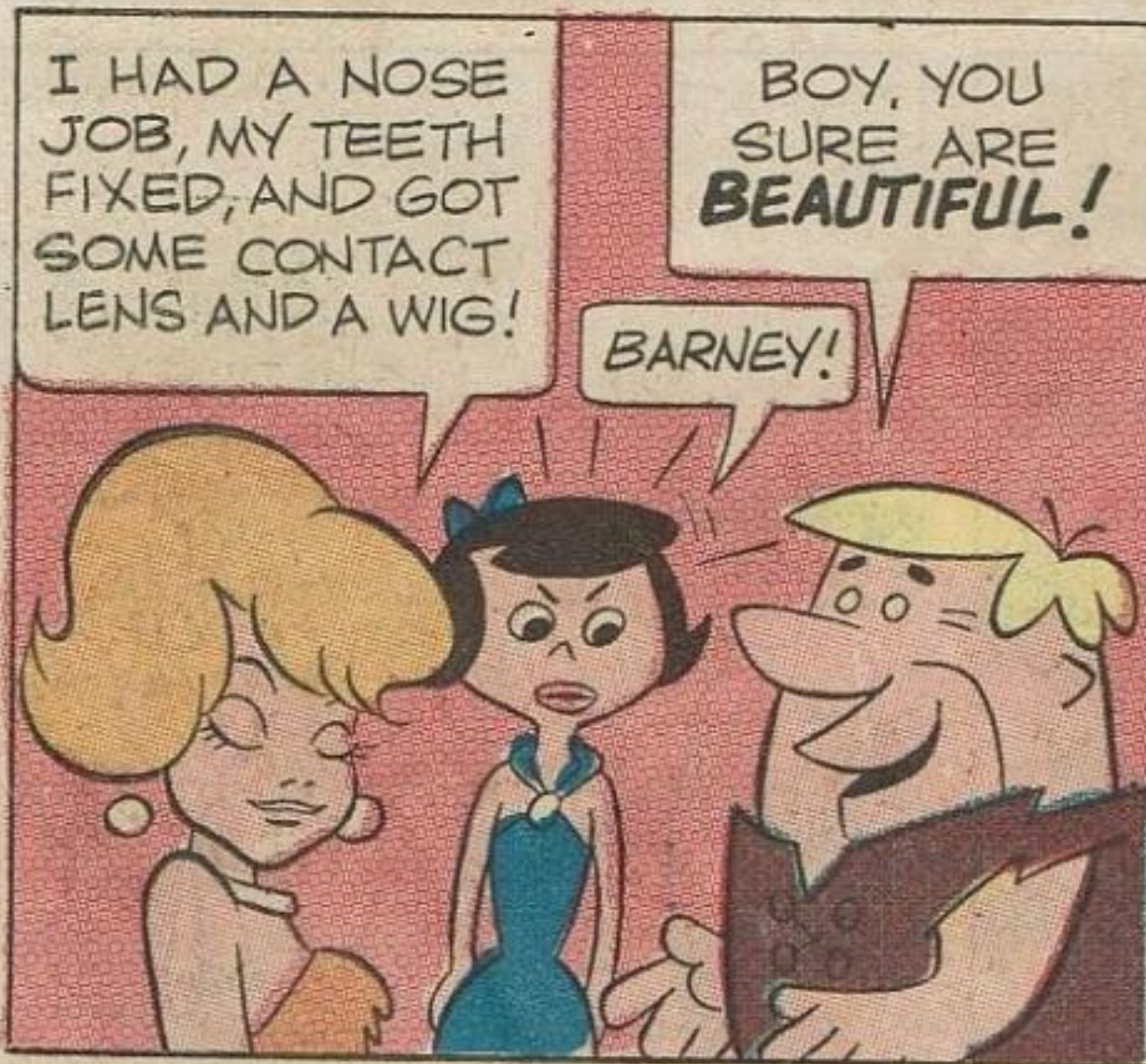
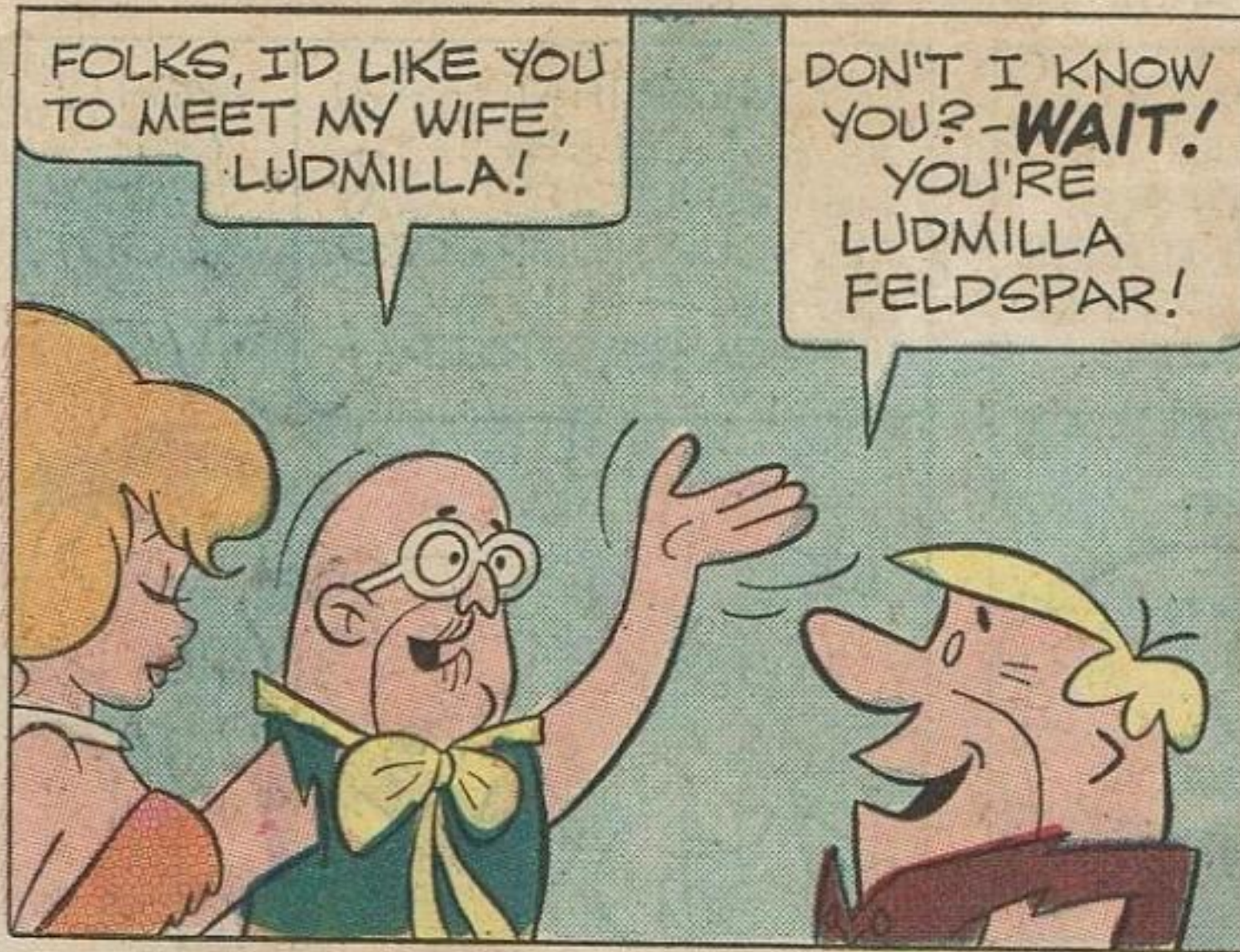




CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE









There is a certain type of customer that goes into a restaurant and if he or she didn't go in the restaurant would be much better off. Mrs. Henrietta Mildew was that kind of a woman. She could upset any waiter. That is almost any waiter-except Frank. She was seated at a small table by herself in this particular place. The head waiter sadly knew her.

"I like chicken wings," she said to Frank. "And I want the wings made exactly as I tell you. I want four chicken wings. They should be broiled in butter for seven minutes at a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. I want all hair removed from the skin before they are broiled. Do I make myself clear?"

"Except for one fact, madam," replied Frank. "Do you want the right wings or the left wings from a chicken?"

"I never knew there was a difference," she said in a tone of voice that betrayed a mild surprise.

"If a chicken uses the left wing more than the right wing, then the left wing is not as tender as the right wing. This is because the muscles are tougher. Naturally they have to be much tougher since they are used much more. In such a situation you can clearly understand that when you have chicken that uses the left wing more than the right wing, it is better to order the right wing. Of course, if you do not mind eating tough wings, then the matter is up to you.

I am certain you can clearly see that the reverse is also true. However, I must make a slight correction. I forget at times that at times the current of air and its velocity does play a part in determining which wing is the more tender. If the chicken farm is located in that section of the country where we do have various currents of air along the ground level, that will be a most important factor in helping the chicken to use a wing. So it is entirely possible, but not very often probable, that if a current of air did help a chicken who used the left wing more than the right wing, that the muscles in the left wing would not have to be used so much and hence that wing could also be tender.

However, do not let this disturb you at all. We have a tender-wing measurer. And I will tell the chef to use it to determine which wing is the choicer one. For I want you to know that we will do everything we can to see that you are satisfied. If after you taste a wing,

you are not completely satisfied, you may discard it. I shall bring to your table a special wing discarder box. Needless to say, there will be no charge in your case for additional wings. The blame is to be divided equally between the management of this restaurant and the man who sold us those chickens.

There is one more factor to be considered. As you know there are chickens called "broilers" and "fryers." I shall have to tell you a chicken trade secret. There are also chickens known as "flyers" and "non-flyers." The chickens known as "flyers" are those that can fly some distance from the ground. They are the ones that do present a normally simple problem in determining which wing is the more tender one. The real hard problem concerns the "non-flyers." Since they make no use of their wings, one wing can be about the same as the wing on the opposite side of the body. However, we feel we can meet up to this situation.

So we have asked the company that sells chickens to us to use a code. F means Flyer. And NF means non-flyer. But this day we are a bit confused. We hired a new helper in our kitchen. And he removed these code labels. So just now we can't tell which is which. However our chef will do his best to determine the tenderness of the wings you ordered.

So all you have to do is to sit back in your chair and relax. Knowing that everything will be done here to please you. We have a new saying in this restaurant: Aim to please the customer-not to tease the customer.

"I don't think that I believe a single word you have spoken," said an angry Mrs. Henrietta Mildew. "My father owned a chicken farm. And I know how to raise chickens. You can't fool me."

"How many years since you were on a chicken farm?" questioned Frank.

"Let us just say thirty years or so," she replied quietly.

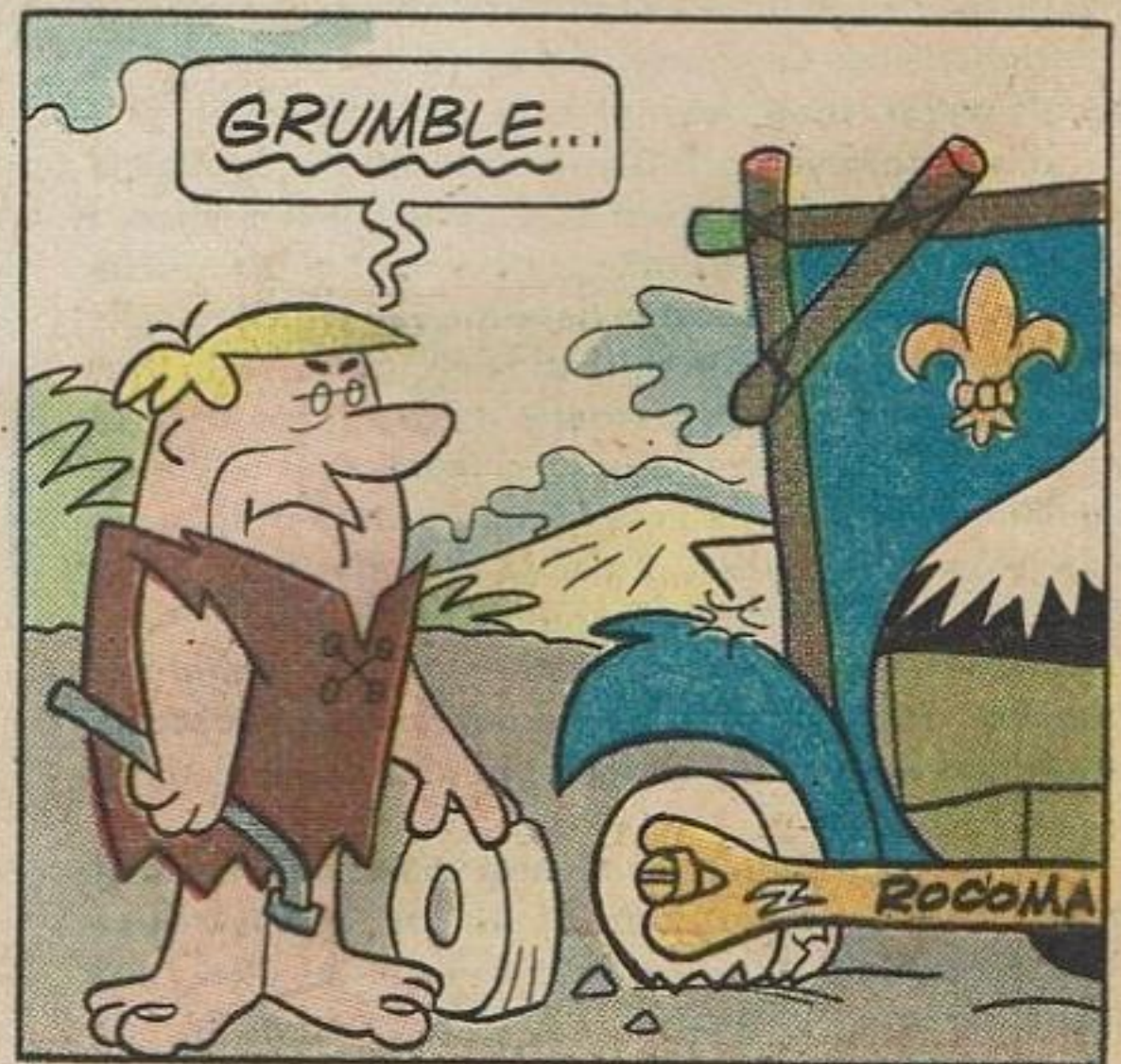
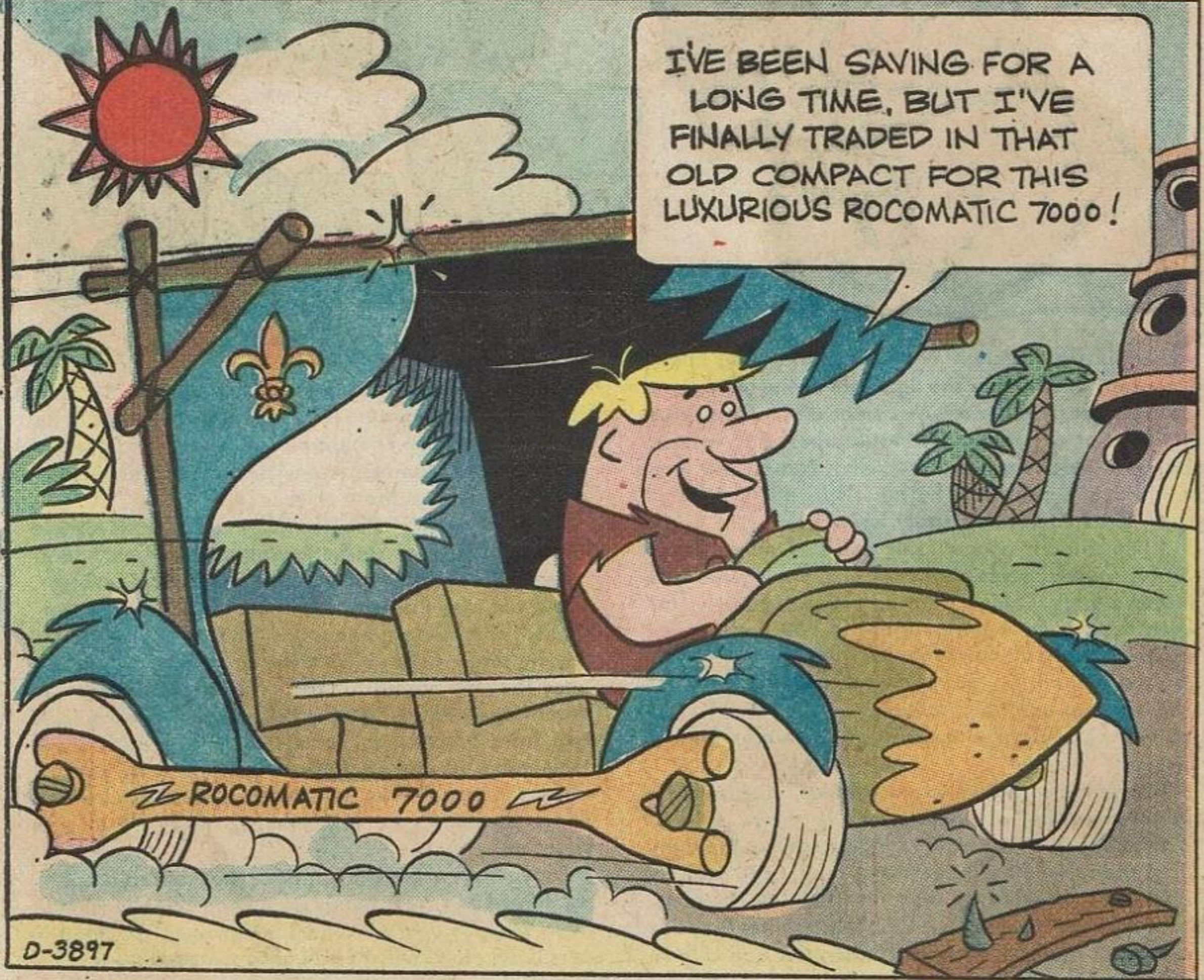
"Then you must understand a lot of new scientific developments have taken place during that period of time. I shall bring you the wings shortly."

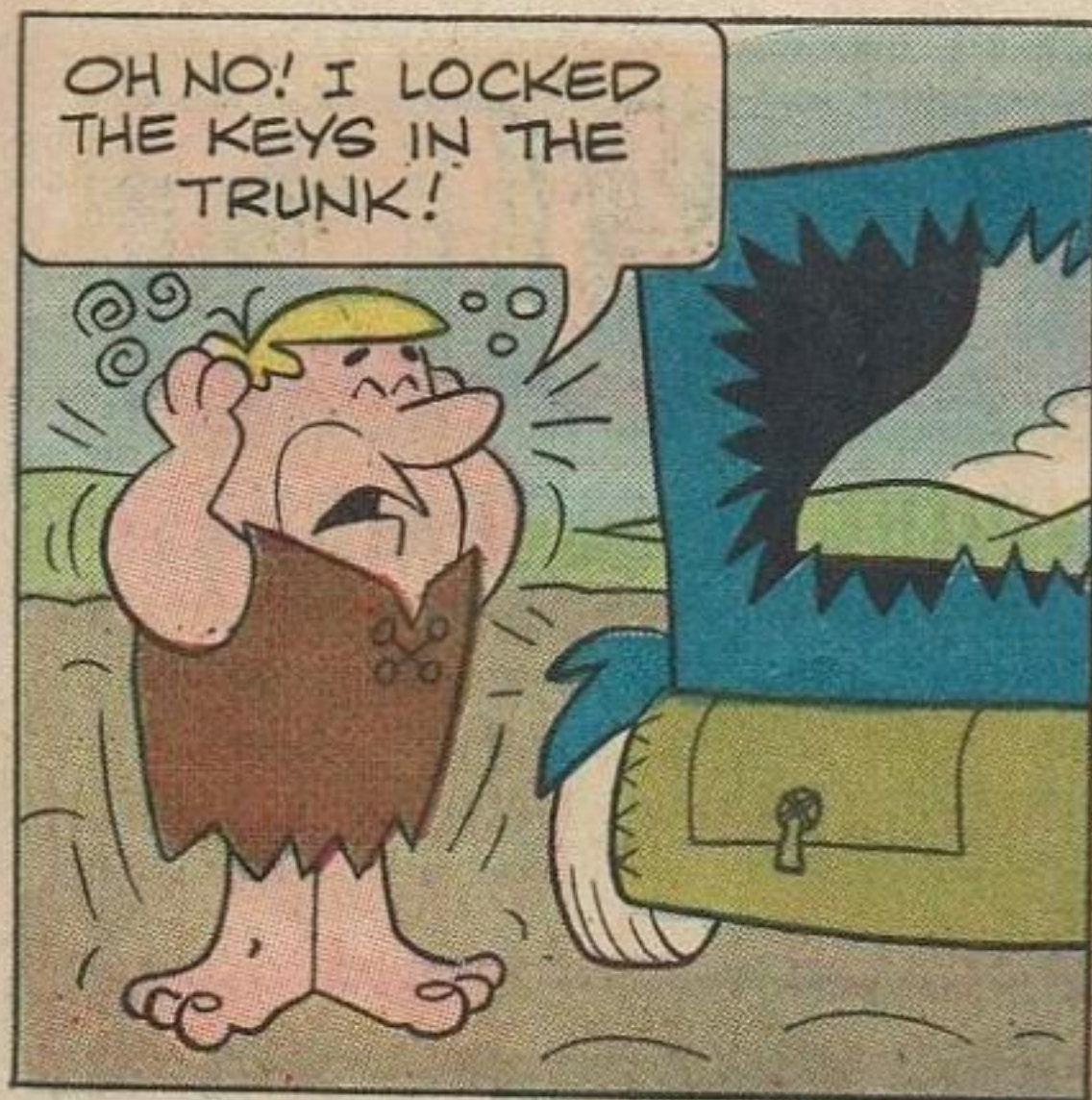
"I think you ought to be fired," she snapped at him.

"Impossible," grinned Frank. "I happen to own this place."

Barney & Betty Rubble

IN "THE BUM WHEEL"





CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



- HAVE 'EM OUT
IN A JIFFY,
MAC!



HERE ARE YER
KEYS, MAC-
THAT'L BE 25
BUCKS!

THANKS,
PAL!

ANYTIME,
SUCKER!



NOW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS PUT ON
THE SPARE-OH-OH!

HEY, YOU
GUYS!
WAIT!



I'LL HAVE TO CALL
ANOTHER GARAGE
AND GET A NEW
TIRE!



HEY, LOOKIT DAT - A
BRAN' NEW ROCOMATIC
7000, ALL STRIPPED!

YEH - IT'S A SHAME WE
GOTTA TOW IT AWAY
AND JUNK IT!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE -
WHERE ARE YOU GOING
WITH MY CAR?! HEY!!



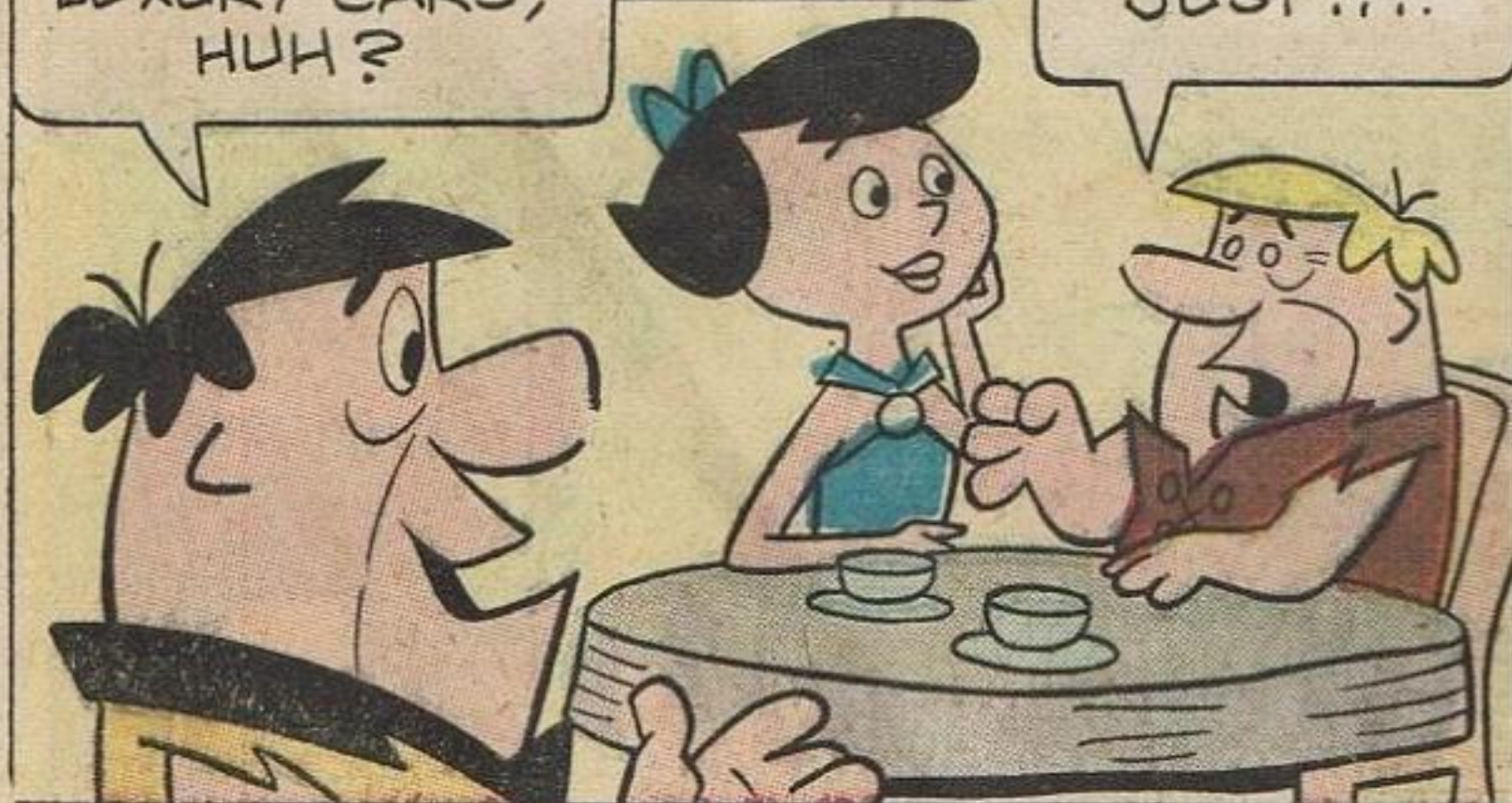
GOTTA GET THERE
BEFORE THEY DO
SOMETHING DRASTIC!



A ROCOMATIC 7000? YEH, TOWED
IT IN A FEW MINUTES AGO. IT'S
IN THE "CRUSHER" NOW!



LATER.. HEY, BARN! WHERE'S
THE NEW CAR? DID
YOU GET ONE OF THOSE BIG
LUXURY CARS,
HUH?



I DID, BUT
I ENDED
UP WITH
JUST

ANOTHER
COMPACT!!

